THE
Mariage Night.

WRITTEN

By the LORD Viſcount FAVVLKLAND.

Scientia non habet Inimicum,
Præter Ignorantiam.

4to A 49
Art

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

CASTILE.

The *King*.

De Caſtro. } Counts Brothers.
Deſſandro. }

De Flame. A Count.

Pirez. } Two Lords.
Sampayo. }

De Loome. } Attendants to the Duke.
La Gitterne. }

Silliman, Steward to the Dutcheſſe.

Two *Judges*.

Claudilla, A Dutcheſſe.

De Bereo, A Duke, Brother to the King.

Cleara, Siſter to *De Flame*.

Torquina. } Ladies to the Dutcheſſe.
De Prate. }

Attendants.

Licensed,

Octob. 16. 1663.

Roger L'Estrange.

THE Mariage Night.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter *Pirez* and *Sampayo*.

Pirez. POſſible? —— *Deſſandro* quit from his Command oth' Cittadel? ſo ſharply too? Bruſhing times, my Lord: Pray, by virtue of what offence?

Sampayo. It may be treaſon to ask their wiſdoms that; But the huge Mountebank, the vulgar Rout quarrell'd with's Religion, 'cauſe 'tis not in the ſmalleſt Print: And the King was to ſay nothing.

Pirez. Good King: I could with ſomething, and heartily if I durſt: Well, from grave hypocriſie and beardleſſe wiſdome, good heaven deliver us: Nothing in his great Fathers Memory, to hold him worthy of his place?

Sampayo. That makes him taſte it to the extremity of Senſe and Anger.

Pirez. Let us but ſlight ſome Gull, or his gay dreſſe (whoſe Clothes and Folly, are his ſenſe of honour) how it will conjure up his blood, and bend his Brow? And can *Deſſandro* want a juſt and valiant anger

to seek the merits of so brave a Father, and his own (kept at a noble height) rendred disgrac'd and fallied? he may believe 's has deserved better, both in his father and himself: But how does his Resolution take it?

Sampayo. As Fire and Air compress, when strugling they break forth in Thunders; or the vex'd wind amongst a Grove of Trees, spending his Scorn and Rage.

Pirez. Men of his Soul and Constitution cannot play with their Passions, and stroke 'em tame, so provoked.

Enter *Duke de Bereo, passing over the Stage, De Castro whispering with him: De Lemos; La Gitterne, and other Attendants.*

The Duke.

Duke. Let him be confident of me, in something more worthy of himself, then the Command he has lost; and bid him use my Promise.

De Castro. We are the Creatures of your Favour, and but own our lives to acknowledge it. —— [*Exeunt.*]

Pirez. Here's State embroidery: —— but pray'e, what holyday things be they that spread so in his Train? I don't remember I left such faces in the Court.

Sampayo. The first of them stalkes in a knighthood, like A Boy in a Dutch Burgers doublet; and 'tis as much too wide for him; a' has travel'd, and speakes Languages, as a Barbers Boy plays oth' Gitterne; And those gay Clouts Sir came out on's Fathers Shop.

Pirez. His Remnants: the Other: that looks like the Age to come, which must be worse then this.

Sampayo. His Fortune and Industry has prefer'd him to be Barber and Pimp; Two mens places, till of late our Noblemen, growing frugal, do find one may do both the Imployments.

Pirez.

Pirez. It is both thriving and gentile.

Samp. Gentile indeed; for they have produced Knights, and made Statesmen of broken Citizens (with the help of a Wife) But he whose youth and sorrow shews him like a fair day, set in a Cloudy Evening is ——

Pirez. The Lord *De Castro*; I know him, and me thinks some sparks of his Father, great *Valesco's* Character, shines in this young man, through all the darkness of his Fate.

Samp. That Name alone, has glory enough to make him a brave presage to us: Duke's Fathers Character was deriv'd and circled in himself; And a full age of Men shall rarely shew another of so much great and ballanc'd Man in't.

Pirez. They are all Court Fancies: Pageants of State, and want allowance both of Brain and Soul to make their Blood and Titles weight.

Samp. He was strangely shuffled to the Block.

Pirez. That Blow did bleed *Castile* too weak, and left us in a faint and sickly pang.

Samp. The Pulse, Sir, of *Castile* beats in another temper then when you left it.

Pirez. I find it: The City wears a Cap, and looks as if all were not right there.

Samp. Except their Wives.

Pirez. The Court me thinks has strangely chang'd Complexion too.

Samp. Those that deride us say ——
The Clergy has catch'd the Falling Sickness;
The Court, a deep Consumption; and that
The Commons have the Spleen.

Pirez. I know not what disease the Court has; but the Lords look as if they had over sate themselves at Play, and lost odds; so scurvily.

Samp. How does your Lordship find the Ladies?

Pirez. I ha' not been amongst um yet, to take up my Arrears; only had the Court happiness to

kiſſe her hand, who in her ſelf, contracts them all
for Grace and Luſtre, the Widow Dutcheſſe *Clandilla.*

Samp. Why there my admiration leaves you: I Grant
her a brave and Courtly Girle: has trim and dazle
enough of white and red, to attract the eye,
like an indifferent Copie, Flouriſh'd with Golden trailes;
but place your Judgement nearer, it retreats and Cryes you
mercy for the miſtake: At diſtances, ſhe is a
Goodly Landskip.

Pir. Alas, her blooming beauties yet languiſh
and Pine or'e her Husbands Herſe, like Roſes
ſcatter'd from the Mornings brow, into the dayes
Parch'd Lap.

Samp. Their Spring will ſhine again, Grow Glorious
and Fruitful in the Arms of her *De Flame*;
It is my hearty wiſh to their Affections;
That Count does bear an honour'd Character
from all that knows him.

Pir. A brave young man, and one that is more Honour
to his Title than it to him; But when
muſt their Hymenial Tapers flame? and
ſhe offer her Turtle Pantings at the Altar,
Purpling the Morn with Bluſhes as ſhe goes
and ſcatter ſuch Bright Rayes, as the Sun may
dreſſe his Beams with for that dayes Glory.

Samp. After he has Celebrated his Siſter to *Deſſandros*
hand, he will not defer thoſe Minutes Long,
and he thinks himſelf behind in ſome
expreſſion of their Frienpſhip, until the
knot meet there.

Pir. Clearo is a Lady of a ſweet and honoured Fame.

Samp. All other of her Sex are dull and ſullied imitations,
Pale Glimmerings, ſet by her: What er'e the modeſt
fictions of ſweetned Pens has meant, ſhe is
their Moral.

Pir. You ſpeak like one that knows what Virtue is,
and can love it.

Enter

Enter De Castro, *and* Dessandro *to them.*

Dess. I thank the Duke, he has a Right Soul;
But, Prethee no more of these sad Consolations,
they hang upon my heart like pondrous weights
at trembling wyres: Or like the dull Labourings
of that Clock which groan'd our dear Father's
Fatal minute.

De Cast. I have done.

Dess. I could chide this tame and phlegmy vapour
from my blood; Our Passions melt into soft
Murmurs, like hollow Springes: ——
the Manhood of cold hinds wou'd not be tempted
to this sense, but leap with rage in their eyes;
Brother, it wou'd; and wake 'um into Tempests;
A wretched Flie, would shew its spleen.

De Cast. This Anger will but shew men where you bleed
and keep the wound still Green.

Dess. The Scar will stick for ever: ——
Oh; the dark Hypocrisie and Jugling of our Times?
Great Men are Slaves to Slaves, and we are theirs:
The Law's a Tame Wolfe, Cowards and Fools
may stroak with Giving hands, while he shall
Couchant lie, and wagg the Taile; but shew
his Fangs at you and d: A Noble wish
is dangerous; is't not my Lord?

Pir. What *Dessandro*?

Dess. The Vulgar's a Kennel of black mouth'd dogs
that worry mens deserts and Fame: my Curse
fester in their Temples.

De Cast. Prethee *Dessandro*, collect these Scatter'd thoughts.

Dess. I'le hollow them through all the world, and say't
again; Worth and Honour now are Crimes, and Giants
'gainst the State: My Lords; shall's be merry
and talk something the Hangman may thank
us for?

Pir. Treason? I vow *Dessandro*, I speak the worst
ex tempore, of any man living.

Samp. I could mutter it well enough; but I'm to marry
A City Widow, and buy a Place at Court.

Pir. When I have ſold my Land we'l venture on
A Merry Catch, and ever ſubſcribe your Servant
Noble *Deſſandro.*

Deſſ. I ſhall find a Time and Place to pay your Lordſhip
the Accompt of my engagements.

De Caſt. Brother, my Attendance calls me to the King;
I'le wait upon your Lordſhip, if y' are for the Court.

Pir. Your Lordſhips Servant thither. —— [*Exeunt.*]

Deſſ. So ſtreams divide and Ruffle by their banks;
My Brother's of a ſafe contracted boſome;
Can ſtrangle his labouring Rages in their thought;
When they do tug like poyſons at my breſt,
until I give them Air: But I'le obſerve
and Creep into Mens Souls: Hugg my dear
Anger to my ſelf, until it gnaw my Intrails through,
that men may Court my patience, and diſcourſe,
As now they ſhun it. And when black night
has ſtretcht her Gloomy limbs, and laid her head
upon ſome Mountain Top (bound up in foggy Miſts)
then keep my haunts by ſome dull groaning ſtream
with ſcreeching Owles, and Bats, there pay
my broken thoughts unto thy Ghoſt *Valeſco*:
Eccho ſhall wake and midnight, to help me Curſe
their ſouls that thruſt thee to thy grave,
whilſt I will hang about Nights neck until
the Moon do wake to Reſcue her.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Deſſandro?
You muſt not be angry my Power came ſhort ——
of my deſires to ſerve you; We'l try ſome other way:
You ſee by what Engins the Times move;
The King refers all to his Council; and though
they do not tie his hands, they hold 'em by a ſtrange
Courteſie: I'm but a ſingle Looker on; Perhaps

they

they may take notice of me for his Brother;
that's when they please too: But this
came neerest to me, upon the engagement of my honour
to deny my friend, and one whose single Faith
had been enough for all the Kingdomes safety,
the holding of such a Trifle as the Cittadel.

Dessandro. It has recompens'd me in part to know where
that Close annoy lay which wounded me ith' dark:
I shall now collect my self against it, and know
My Lord, where my poor life and powers are
to be prostrate: Could I enlarge them to my wish
they might appear Sir, to your Highnesse use.

Duke. I know how far you can, bravest Man;
your worth has taken fire here, where Ile
preserve it in a Noble Flame. ——
My greatest thirst of Fame is my expression
to Men of your Merit, who cannot want
A friend whilst I have power to be one:
But I am scanted and weakned in my desires,
else Fam'd *Valesco* had not yet slept in his dust
to please the Common hangman, nor Men of glorious
Parts live shrowded in obscure homes, like
pamphlets out of date.

Dess. You are the Patron of our honored Actions,
and all their Glory meets and Circles
in your Fame.

Duke. I will disengage you from this forc't complement;
It keeps me at too great a distance from that
bosome, where I would Lodge a friend, *Dessandro:*
I must tak't unkindly too, that in the Scrowle
of all your Friends, I stand dasht out a stranger
to your Joys.

Dess. My Lord?

Duke. But you shall not steal the Day so: I'll be
one at the Ceremony, though the Bride tell me
in a blush, I came unwisht for.

Dess. 'Tis but the busie voyce, that like the Night-mare
rides men; And can find strange Shapes and prodigies
ith'

ith' Clouds: I must Confess, *Cleara* has the engagement of all Her virtues and a Brothers on me; When it concerns me neerer, it must not be A Secret to your Highness, to whom all that's deriv'd to my Poor life and Fortune is a Just debt.

Duke. You know the way unto a Friend, If you can think I have power enough to make me so.

Dess. Sir I was only shewed to the world to be talkt on: Fortune (I thank her) has given me many knacks to play with in her mood, but taken um away again scurvily, to tell me, I was not born to any real Purpose, And I wish nothing she can give me.

Duke. She will acknowledge her mistake, and Put on her smiles to Court your merits.
La Gitterne? Is the King come from's sport? [*La Gitterne waits.*]

La Gitt. He dines abroad, my Lord.

Duke. Colonel, this Day you shall bestow on mee: I owe the Dutchess *Claudilla* a visit; Make ready straight; we'l spend a dinner time there, and the afternoon at *Tennis*. [*Exeunt.*]

A SONG.

That done, Claudilla and De Flame discovered sitting in a rich Couch; at each end a Lady waiting.

De Flame. This does but find our Melancholy out and cast it in a Minutes Trance; when one soft Accent from *Claudilla*'s voice leaves nought that's earth about me. My Soul's in her *Elizium* and every Sense immortal, dilated into joyes: Heaven becomes attentive, and the soft Winds put on their perfum'd Wings to hover neer those Lips: That Blush does shew the Sparkles of some incensed thought; My poor expressions Rob ye; But I appeal to this white hand for pardon.

Cla. Sir, my thoughts are all acknowledgments of that delight I hear and feel you with, what dress so e're you please

to

to ſend your Courtſhip in to try um:
We have outliv'd thoſe Arts, and Comeon Charmes,
and need not ſeek our hearts in ſcatter'd Flames,
as thoſe, whoſe Leſſon yet, is at the hand or eye;
our hearts have read Loves deep Divinity, and all
his amorous Volumes over; We muſt write Stories
of our Love, my Lord.

De Flame. And chaſte ones, Madam:
How glorious the Frontiſpiece would ſhew
with great *Claudilla's* Name, ty'd in a true
Loves knot to her *De Flames*: Though the
great diſtance of your ſhining Attributes both
of Blood and Virtue, conſider'd in the poverty of mine,
would draw ſquint eyes, and Envie to my ſtars;
but ſpeak your Name Great as the example of your
goodneſſe, and make it worth the imitation
of all Noble minds that ſhall but read your Love
and ſweetneſſe; which (moſt excellent of your Sex)
Condeſcended unto me, who elſe had ——;
Languiſh'd in a heap of Aſhes.

Claudilla. My Lord; you have found an eaſie way into
my heart, and won me from my ſelf e're I
could call my thoughts to reſiſtance;
Such ſtrength brought your Deſerts: But now
I hope, nay can be Confident (beſt Sir) they are
treaſur'd in a Breaſt, whoſe Virtues will
preſerve them with themſelves.

De Flame. Oh Madam!

Claudilla. It may be ſome Diſcourſe, that when firſt
I entertain'd your Love, I had not yet given
the world, and my dead Husbands Earth, a
full accompt of ſorrow, or paid his memory
a years juſt rent of Tears: But I appeal
to my own heart; and you my Lord can ſay ——

De Flame. Your heart has been but too Severe unto it ſelf,
And I can ſay, I have not ſeen a beam, break
from thoſe eyes, but through dark Clouds and ſhowres;
Or like the Sun, drencht in the ſwelling Main;

Nor a Look with the least Comfort of a Smile in't;
Nay, Divineſt Madam; Now you do but Chide
Heaven in your Tears; and cannot Raiſe the dead.

Claudilla. True Sir.

De Flame. Tears are but ſhallow murmurs of our Grief.
I envy not his Grave a Tear, but owe all
Noble mention to't; yet Madam, I did hope
You had diſcharged the ſmart and Cruelty of Grief
from your ſoft breaſt: And would call your beauties
to their Natural ſprings: ——
Look on your ſelf (rare Lady) in this change
With what high Flame and Rapture it becomes you:
So breaks the Morning forth of a chriſtal Cloud;
And ſo the Sun aſcends his glittering Chair,
And from his burniſht Locks ſhakes day about;
The Summer puts not on more delights and various
Glory, than ſhines in bright *Claudilla*;
And ſhall the Grave exhauſt their pride
and Youth? ——

Enter Torguina.

Torguina. Madam, the Kings Brother gives you a viſit.
De Flame. Who's with 'em?
Torg. The Collonel, your Lordſhip calls Friend.
De Flame. Deſſandro?
Claudilla. Let's meet 'um Sir. —— [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke, Ducheſſe, Claora, De Flame, Deſſandro, Attendants.

Duke. I'm in Arrears yet unto your Grace.
Claud. A Widows entertainment Sir, you pleaſe to honour.
Duke. I wiſh the hours but ſhort that brings the Night

you

you are to lose that Name in; And then, to what Length your own desires woo'd spin um: Widow, Madam? Ther's disconsonancy in the Name, me thinks: *Claudilla* Widow? Dutchesse, and still Widow (like a Cypresse cast or'e a bed of Lillies) darkens your other Titles; 'Tis a weed in your Garden, and will spoil the Youth and beauty it grows nigh: A word of Mortality, or a *Memento Mori*, to all Young Ladies: And a Passing Bell to Old ones: Indeed, it is a meer Privation; and all Widows are in the state of Out-lawes, till Married again.

Claudilla. Your Highness holds a merry opinion of us Poor Widows.

De Flame. I say Virgins are the Ore; Widows the Gold try'd, and Refin'd.

Duke. A Fair young Lady and Widow, is A rich piece of Stuff Rumpled: An Old one's A blotting Paper; A Man shall never write any thing on, she sinks so.

Dessandro? your Comment.

De Flame. Friend, you are dull oth' sudden.

Cleara. He is not well.

Claudilla. Not well, Sir?

Dessandro. Not well Madam.

Duke. Dull? Shall's to Tennis? I have some Pistolets will pay your borrowed time, *Dessandro.*

Dessandro. Your Pardon Sir; I am unfit to wait on you; My life hangs in a Dew upon me; And I have drunk Poison.

De Flame. Ha?

A Physician with all speed; *Dessandro?*

Cleara. Dear Sir?

Dessandro. Cleara? Lend me thy hand—So——— I'm struck upon a Rock. ——— [*Sounds.*]

Cleara. He's dead; I shall not overtake him.

Duke. Look to the Lady.

Claud. He swells like a stopt Torrent, or a Teeming Cloud;

Have I no Servants there? —— [*Carry him off.*]

De Flame. What a ſudden ſtorm is fall'n?

Duke. How fares the Lady?

Claudilla. Madam?

Cleara. As you are tender Natur'd, let no hand
Cloſe his eyes but mine: I am come back
thus far to take my farewel on his cold Lip. [*De Flame returns*]

De Flame. Siſter, Let thy warm blood flow back:
Thy *Deſſandro* lives, my Girle.

Cleara. Oh! may I not ſee him?

De Flame. You ſhall. [*Exeunt.*]

Duke. Give me leave to make this opportunity happy
on your hand: How? Not vouchſafe it? [*Dutcheſs goes off.*]
What a Tyranny ſhot from her ſcornful eye?
Where have I loſt my ſelf and her?
There's a croſſe, and Peeviſh Genius haunts my Hopes;
A Black and envious Cloud; and I muſt get above it;
Not kiſſe your hand? Is your blood ſurfeited? I'le quit
this ſcorn: Indeed, I will, Coy Madam:
Thou, that art Lord of my proud Horoſcope;
Great Soul of Myſteries; kindle my brain
with thy immortal fires——
That if I fall, my Name may Riſe Divine,
So *Caſar's* Glory ſet, and ſo ſet Mine. —— [*Exit.*]

Enter Silliman, *a Bottle tyed in a Ribbon to his Pocket.*

Silliman. Brave Canary; Intelligent Canary,
that does refreſh our weak and mortal bodies;
I will have thee Canoniz'd Saint Canary, at
my own Charge: And call my eldeſt Son
Canary: Yet for a man to love thee at
his own Coſt is damnable, very Damnable,
and I defie it——
And *Siſs* is the blitheſt Laſſe in our Town
For ſhe ſells Ale by the Pound and the Dozen;
Ale? hang Ale.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſenger. By your Worſhips leave, I wou'd ſpeak with
Seignior

Seign'or Silliman, the Dutcheſſe Steward, an't like ye.

Silli. Wou'd you ſpeak with *Seignior Silliman*, an't like ye?

Meſſenger. Pleaſe God, and your Worſhip, an't like ye.

Sill. In what Language wou'd you ſpeak with him---[*hum.*]

Meſſenger. Yes verily, I wou'd ſpeak with him, an't like ye.

Silliman. At what Poſture?

Meſſenger. Marry from a friend, an't like ye.

Silliman. Very good, my friend: Didſt ever ſay thy [*drinks*] Prayers in the Canary tongue?

Meſſ. My Prayers, an't like ye? Your Worſhip's diſpos'd to be merry: I have a Wife and ſeven ſmall Children, an't like ye, to wind, and turn, as they ſay, ſimple as your Worſhip ſees me here, an't like ye.

Silliman. Pox a Wives; I'le not give a Gazet for thy wife; ſhe's tough, and too much Powder'd: Fetch me thy Daughter, thy youngeſt Daughter, Sirrah, If the Creature be a Virgin and deſirable: Look ye! There's money to buy her Clean Linen: I'le have a Bath of rich Carnary, and *Venus* milk, where we will bath, and ſwim together, like ſo many Swans, and then be Call'd *Seignior Jupiter Sillimano.* But is ſhe Mans meat? I have a tender Appetite, and can ſcarcely digeſt one in her Teens.

Meſſ. Do's your worſhip think I wou'd be a *Judas*, an't like ye? She's as neat a Girle, and as Tite at her buſineſſe as the back of your hand, an't like ye: But Heaven bleſſe ye, and Cry ye mercy: If you be his Worſhip here's a Letter from the Lady *De Prate*, an't like ye.

Silliman. The Lady *De Prate* (mark me Sirrah) is a Noble Lady; we ſay ſo.—— [*reads a letter.*]

I never knew what Bondage was till now,
I fear the Gilded Hart you ſent me was
inchanted——(oh-- oh) *I long to ſee you*——
——(hum--- hum) *therefore let me have the happineſſe*
to know the Place and Time——(even ſo) *as*
you love her that bluſhes to write this——

Yes, yes, I'le Incbant ye: I'le Time and Place ye;
Surely, there's ſomething more about me, then I can
perceive: Grant that I may bear my Fate
diſcreetly: *I never knew what Bondage was* — [*reads.*]
till now: Well; 'Tis Heavens Goodneſſe: For what am I
ſilly wretch, to ſuch a Lady as ſhe that writes to
pitifully unto me: It wou'd over-come e'en a heart [*weeps.*]
of Flint: Good Gentlewoman ———
As you love her that bluſhes to write this — [*reads.*]
hum — yes, yes; ſhe knows I love her: It
will work — I can't contain my good nature. [*drinks & weeps*

Enter La Gitterne, and De Loome.

De Loome. Here he is, and ſtands like a Map of
ſundry Countries.

La Gitterne. One wou'd take him for ſome forraign beaſt,
and that Fellow to ſhew him; how the Gander
Ruffles and Prunes himſelf, as if he would
tread the Gooſe by him?

De Loome. 'Tis a pure Goat.

La Gitt. And will clamber a *Pyramide* in ſent of's Female.

De Loome. The Wenches ſware he kiſſes like a Giant ſtill,
and will ride his heats as Cleanly, as a dieted
Gelding: Let's fall in: *Seignior Silliman!*
My beſt wiſhes kiſſe your hand.

La Gitt. Continue me worthy the Title of your Servant Sir.

Silliman. I am very glad to ſee you well, and hope you are
in good health, and ſound Gentlemen.

La Gitterne. And when ſhall's draw Cutts again for a
Wench, *Seignior*, hah?

Silliman. Your pleaſure to ſay ſo.

De Loome. The Slave's roſe drunk, o' my life.

Sill. Pleaſe you to take Notice of my worthy Friend here.

De Loome. Your Admirer, Sir. [*ſalutes Meſſenger.*]

La Gitterne. Slave to your Sedan, Sir.

Meſſ. God bleſſe the good Dutcheſs, and all that love the
King, I ſay Gentlemen, an't like ye.

De Loome. Pray Sir, what News abroad, or at Court?

Meſſenger. News, quoth a? Indeed Sir, the truth is, I am a
Shoomaker

Shooemaker by my Trade; My Name is *Latchet*;
And I work to some Ladies in the House here,
though I say't my self; And yet the Times were
never harder, nor Leather dearer.

De Looms. This winter will make amends; you shall have horse
hides cheap; horse hides, dog cheap.

Latchet. Cheap? quoth a; Why Sir, I'le tell you (for you
look like a very honest Gentleman) I am put to
finde a Pike my self; and must, the Parish swears,
or lose all the Shooes in my Shop.

De Looms. 'Tis very brave: Why you look like a Champion
And have a Face, the Parish may Confide in.

Latchet. Fie'le? quoth a; Sir, be Judge your self, if ever
you knew the like: I have been at the Trade
this forty years, off and on; and those Childrens
shooes I have sold for six pence, or a groat, upon some
occasion, we now sell for twelve pence, as they say.

De Loome. Then the misery is, you get the more.

Latchet. More? quoth a; Pray Sir a word? you are a
Courtier, if I may be so bold: They say we must
all be fain to shut up shop, and mortgage
our Wives to the Souldiers: D'ye hear any
such talk, Sir?

De Looms. Some buzzing: but the blades will not accept'um
without special articles, and a stock of money, and
plate to keep the babies they shall beget valiant.

Latchet. Valiant? quoth a; Truly Sir, I'le tell ye,
on the truth of a poor man: My Lady *De Prates* foot
is but of the sixes; and yet we pay five Pistols
A Dicker.

Silliman. My Ladies foot but oth' sixes? you lye Sirrah;
By Saint *Hugh*, there's never a Lady ith' Land has a
Prettier Foot and Leg, if you ha not spoil'd um
with your Calves skin, Sirrah.

La Gitt. Why? the sixes is a good han'som size for a Lady.

Latchet. Lady? quoth a; my life for hers, there's few Ladies
ith' Court goes more upright: Nor payes better,
I'le say that.

Silliman.

Silliman. You say that? Foh; I scorn to wear an inch of leather thy Nasty flesh shall handle.

De Loom Oh, your worthy friend, *Signior*; and an elder in's (parish;
A Pike-man too, for the Republique: Come, come,
A shall be Shoomaker to us all: Canst trust?

Latchet. Trust? quoth a; My Name's *Latchet*, Sir, I serv'd Eleven years to my Vocation, before I could be free: and have drank many a good bowl of Beer ith' Dutchesses Cellar, since that.

De Loome. I like a man can answer so punctually to a thing,

Latchet. Thing? quoth a; It is our Trade, Sir.

De Loom. Spoke like the Warden of the Company. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clandilla, and Dessandro in a Night Gown.

Clandilla. I am at extremity of wonder.

Dessandro. The story may deserve it Lady, when you shall Cast your thoughts upon the Man it Treats on, the Circumstances, and progresse of my Love: Nay, it may raise your Anger higher than your wonder, and work the modest pantings of your breast into a Hectique Rage: I saw this tempest gather'd in a Cloud dismal and black, ready to break its wombe in stormes upon me: And I have cast my Soul on every Frown and horror you can arm your passion with: I have held conflict with the wilder Guilt and tremblings of my blood to rescue it: But Heaven, and my angry Fate, has thrown me groveling at your feet: And I want soul to break the Charm.

Clandilla. This is a strange Mystery, to betray my virtue with your own, and I shall sin to hear it.

Dessandro. If pity be a sin, lock up those beauties from the view of men, or they will damn all the eyes that look upon you.

Cland. Has your blood lost all the virtue it should inherit? And think you by this treacherous siege to take my Honour in? Let me shun you, or you will talk me Leperous.

Dessandro. Do Madam —— Tear

Tear up the wounds your eyes have made ——
Ile keep them bleeding Sacrifices to your Cruelty;
And when cold death has cast his gloomy shade
o're this dust, perhaps you may bestow one gentle
sigh to hallow it; when you shall know
The height of my desires was but to dye worthy
of your pardon, without the ambition of a bolder thought;
And still had scorch'd, and smother'd here without a
Tongue, only to beg your mercy to my Grave.

Claudil. Play not your self into a shame will rust your brightest worths, and hide your Dust in Curses, and black Fame:
I now shall think your valour Flatter'd, that can
sink it to such effeminate and Love sick Crafts
for our stale Women to mollifie the Usher with.
Dessandro has a Fame, high and active as the voice
it Flies on: And could you wander from your
religious self in such a Dream as this?
Cleara's virtue has an Interest neer your heart
should wake you to your first man again.

Dess. Cleara still is here in the first Sculpture of
her virtues, and I their honourer.

Clandilla. No more! ——
My grief and shame are passionate to find
so much bad man, got neer your heart, and shew
this sick Complexion in your honour, more
tainted then the Face of your Imposture ——
you have plaid the excellent counterfeit, and your skill
does make you proud, you cannot blush. —— [*Exit.*]

Dessandro. She's gone; ——
A Star shot from her eye, and lightned through
my blood: I must provide for Thunder, and
thy Revenge *De Flame*, as horrid as thought can
shape it.

Enter *Cleara.*

Cleara. Sir?

Dessandro. Proud Love? I'll meet thee with burning sighes and bleeding Turtles at thy shrine.

Cleara. This is too bold a hazzard for your health, which yet sits wan and troubled on your Cheek.

Deſſandro. Madam?

Cleara. Indeed I'll chide ye.

Deſſandro. Oh, Cry ye mercy; — ſome retired meditations.

Cleara. I ſhall obſerve 'um, Let me but leave you with the Joy to know I ſtand not in the hazzard of that Frown.

Deſſandro. We'll kiſſe next time.

Cleara. Sir?

Deſſandro. Or never.

Cleara. Ha? de'e know me?

Deſſandro. So well, me thinks we ſhould not part ſo ſoon: our hearts have been more ceremonious, and hung in panting ſighs upon our Lips to bid adieu: one kiſſe muſt now ſumme up all, and ſeal their General Releaſe: I know *Cleara* more conſtant to her virtue, and brave mind, then to ask heaven idle queſtions — 'Tis Fate, not Will — [*Exit.*]

Cleara. So —

I feel thy Marble hand lye here: 'Tis cold and heavy: how my poor heart throbs under it, and ſtruggles to find Air? Not one kind ſigh lend thee a gale for yonder haven? — It's gone —

Quite vaniſht — beſhrew me, it was a moſt horrible apparition, I wou'd not ſee it again in ſuch a cruel look for all my hopes; yet it held me gently by the hand, and left a warm farewell there, as my *Deſſandro* us'd: As my *Deſſandro*? ſaid I? oh! how fain my hopes would mock my apprehenſion; and that my ſorrow? I'le woe thy pity with my Groans kind earth, and lay my throbbing breaſt to thine until I am diſſolv'd into a Spring, whoſe Murmures ſhall eternally repeat this Minutes ſtory.

Enter *De Flame.*

De Flame. Ha? —

Cleara drown'd in her own Tears? Siſter? *Cleara*?

Cleara. I had a gentle ſlumber; and all the world (me thought) was in midnight Calm.

De Flame. Dear Girl, cheer up thoſe ſad eyes & my cold doubts: Prethee tell me, is our *Deſſandro* dead?

Cleara.

Cleara. Heaven defend.

De Flame. Not? what then in all the volumes of black destiny and nature, can throw you into this posture? —— Unkind *Cleara*; why dost dissemble it? I see him breathless on thy Cheek, and lost.

Cleara. Lost for ever.

De Flame. My fears did prompt me so; For ever? —— there's horrour and amazement in the thought: See *Cleara*; my eyes can over-take thee: Gone at so short a farewel friend? Death, thou art the murderer of all our joyes and hopes.

Cleara. Sir, *Dessandro*'s well; very well; we parted even but now.

De Flame. What?

Cleara. Oh Brother? I have lost a jewell that he gave me and I shall vex my eyes out.

De Flame. Beshrew this serious folly: you have vext my blood into a sullen fit.

Cleara. You shall not chide me —— Tell me? didst ever in thy life meet with a Grief that made thy poor heart sick, and did divide thy sleeps and hours into groans and sighs?

De Flame. Never; thank my indifferent Fate.

Cleara. Nor in the Legend of some Injur'd Maid that made thine eye to pause, and with a Tear bedew it.

De Flame. I cannot untie Ridled knots, *Cleara*.

Cleara. Come; I'le but dry mine eyes, and tell you a story that shall deserve a groan. —— [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius; Scena Prima.

Enter De Castro, and Dessandro.

Dess. Tush —— They had only tongue & malice; and that great Zeal

the ſeem'd to owe to *Rome*, was unto themſelves, and their own Eſtates; what were they, but wranglers in Schools and Law? and ſtudied words to make men guilty. They liv'd at eaſe; and ſlept in purples and warm furrs; But bold minded *Cataline*, threatned their wiſe ſleeps.

De Caſtro. There was too much attempt and fact in't.

Deſſandro. 'Twas fact then to look ſowre on a Gown-man: they were meer Citizens: Jealous of their Wives, and Daughters: That Condemn'd um too: ——

De Caſtro! there's a Lethargy in our blood: We ſleep and dream away our Lives. If ſuch wore purple for well talking, what ſhal he merit that Cures the wounds and ſmart his Country groans with?

De Caſt. The People ſhall enſhrine his Name with Reverence, and fill their Temples with his Statues: 'Tis the great end we are all born to.

Deſſandro. Which can't be, whilſt by-reſpect ſhall cloſely wound the boſome of our Laws and Freedome: For what was't Leſſe, that took our Father's life?

De Caſtro. In whoſe blow, the heads of all brave men were threatned.

Deſſandro. Then if we dare not do a general good, yet let us ſecure our own dear lives and honours.

De Caſtro. The State is full of dangerous whiſpers.

Deſſandro. There's an Impoſtume ſwells it.

De Caſtro. Wou'd 'twere lanc'd.

Deſſandro. Spoken with the ſoul of *Caſſius*; we have the cure, and may do it with a little ſtir: But then we muſt deal like true Phyſicians of State, And where we find it ulcer'd, though in our ſelves, friends, and allies, not lay ſoft effeminate hands on't: Nature has made us neareſt to our ſelves: And I wou'd pay the laſt warm drop of blood from all theſe veins to ſee the hopes and honours of our blood (that's now benightned in our Fathers fate) dawn on *De Caſtro's* youth again.

De Caſtro. No *Deſſandro*; Thoſe hopes are loſt upon a high and

and angry ſea: And I muſt ſee fools and ſtale
Paraſites (whoſe Progeny ne're bled one drop, nor had
a valiant thought to ſerve their Country) begin
A ſpurious Iſſue on my birth-right, that will, on Tiptoes
Colloſſus like, beſtride us and graipe our Fate.

Deſſandro. Take me into thy boſome, brave man; we meet
Like Amorous ſtreams, and as we ought;
our honour, life, and fortunes, have but one heat:
Give me thy hand *De Caſtro*; This Sword —— [*draws.*]
our Father hath oft made Glorious in the blood
of *De Caſtro's* foes: And I'll not doubt,
how much it prompts thy valiant ſoul:
Oh Brother! Tears, and ſome ſad diſcourſe
is all that we have paid him yet: Strangers
can be far braver in their ſence unto his Fame:
The tears we ought to ſhed, ought to be blood, *De Caſtro*;
Blood, warm from their veins, that made us weep
in ſtreams, and mingle it with the duſt of vulgar
feet, as they did his. Swear by all the Glorious acts
of our great Anceſtry, their hallowed Urnes, our Fathers
injur'd memory, and all the hopes and honour we derive from
them, to pay his blood a ſad accompt in ſome revenge, worthy
his Ghoſt, and our bold hands.

De Caſtro. All which religiouſly, I vow to.

Deſſ. And I: So; Now we are Brothers by as ſtrong
Divinitie as Nature: I'll not break open the
deſign, till we ſhall hear't confirm'd by higher warrant:
Anon, meet at the Dutcheſſe Dowager's.

De Caſtro. Clandilla's?

Deſſandro. Yes, where you ſhall hear ſomething worthy the
encouragement of our Fathers ſpirit in thee: I am now
to wait upon the Duke; he that keeps us what
we are.

De Caſtro. The Duke? —— I have the Game in view,
and now diſcern, what I muſt pay him for my Place.

Deſſandro. You are full of thoughts, my Lord.

De Caſtro. Brother, our Lives are on the Caſt: But 'tis not that
does interpoſe 'um: There's ſomething in my fears

ſtill

ſtill preſents *Cleara*; Take heed *Deſſandro* —
A Virgins tears leave ſad and Fatal prints.

Deſſandro. Your wiſhes are a brothers: but thoſe dreams chill not my ſleeps: Think on that concerns us near And be Active.

De Caſtro. I ſhall not fail ye: Farewel.— [*Exit De Caſt.*]

Enter Pirez.

Pirez. Collonel *Deſſandro?*

Deſſandro. Your Lordſhips pardon: Which way walk you?

Pirez. As you pleaſe to diſpoſe me: My buſineſſe now deſigns it ſo: 'Tis there in ſhort— [*gives a paper which Deſſandro reads.*] I love this gallant maſtery of a mans ſelf: I look'd his temper wou'd a flam'd about my ears: Not a ſparkle in his brow, nor the leaſt change of blood. Strange! I have ſeen him ruffl'd into a ſtorm, and all fury: Now, not a frown nor ſmile.

Deſſandro. De Flame? — well——
My Lord, this is a down flat Challenge.

Pirez. I brought it for one.

Deſſ. I accept it, with thanks to your Lordſhip, and ſhall be ready to ſerve you in any power I have.

Pirez. 'Tis not worth it, Collonel.

Deſſ The Lord *De Flame's* angry, it ſeems that fortune ſhould give me right without his hand in't, h'as turn'd his ſtyle high and ſtrangely on me: But I ſhall coolly reſpite that, till we have room to argue it. That he is far more worthy his expectation in the Dutcheſſe, I can Confeſſe: that's no aſſent Sir to my quarrel; nor yet a law to her: For thoſe whom her thoughts pleaſe to think moſt worthy, are ſo to her.

Pirez. But does not bind the opinion of another.

Deſſandro. Nor that opinion her Freedome.

Pirez. Yet there be rules in virtue, from which all noble Judgements ſhould take their Level, even in Love it ſelf.

Deſſandro. If it be thought ſhe's too partial in her grace to me, I ſhall diſpute it, as 'tis queſtioned.

Pirez. I come not to add exceptions or to make any.

Deſſandro. I ſtand not in ſo cheap a Rank, but that her favour

favour may make my ſervices as meritorious as his Lordſhips: And can engage as much blood and Fame for't.

Pirez. You know him of a Noble breaſt, and one that will not flatter weak pretences into Truths, nor let um work with ſuch impreſſions on his Soul, did not his Honour bleed in't? Sir, I come as one that ever honour'd your great parts, and with that you could think on't o're again: Think how black you muſt expect that morn to rise upon your wiſhes, When you lead her to the Altars; where the faint Lights with blew and Gaſtly Flames, will receive ye; And all the things of Holy Ceremony Preſent pale Glim'rings to your eyes, to fright your Bride back unto her firſt vows: And then, me thinks, each Tear and Groan the Fair *Clara* lends to over-take ye, ſhou'd ſhew a ſpeaking Fury to untwine your trembling hands.

Deſſ. No; Nor all the ſquadrons hell can ſpare, to aid them: though her Brother led them on, and you brought up the Rear.

Pirez. Sir?

Deſſandro. Piſh—— The meaneſt thought *Claudilla* pleaſes to beſtow here (under this humble Guard) muſt be without the affright (my Lord) of all the dangers in his Muſter: Stare they like Giants on me, and in Armies: As for *Clara*, If ſhe hold flatering glaſſes to her thoughts which render'd um wide and Airy, they muſt not forfeit me: you may deſerve her better: I'le not ſtart Sir a ſcruple from his demands, and yours, expect it, and ſo farewell.—— [*going off.*]

Pirez. Farewell?—— The Time?

Deſſandro. I ſhall think on't.

Pirez. Shall?—— It muſt not ſo tamely be thought on.

Deſſandro. How?

Pirez. I ſpoke it, Sir.

Deſſandro. Are you ſent to own the Quarrel?

Pirez.

Pirez. No; but look on't with ſo much Soul, as I think't an honour to wear a Sword in't.

Deſſandro. Go; Go hang it in your Miſtreſſes Chamber, It ſtinks Sir of Perfume.

Pirez. It may Sir (for Deſtiny has many wayes to the wood) Cut your throat; And then Ile giv't your Foot-boy.

Deſſandro. My throat, *Pirez*? that ſawcy thought has ruin'd thee. — [*Fight.*]

Enter Sampayo *and* De Loome.

Sampayo. Hold, hold, Collonel.

De Loome. My Lord, y'are hurt.

Pirez. I muſt owe him this fort't.

Deſſandro. Canſt talk yet?

Samp. Command your paſſion: See how the Common herd come Gazing in: do not become their talk and wonder: Noble *Deſſandro*? Put up my Lord: — thank ye —

De Loome. Sir, my Lord Duke ſent me to tell ye he expects your Company.

Deſſandro. I wait on him — bid the Ladies tear their clean ſmocks to wrap you in.

Pirez. Inſolent Man.

Sampayo. Again? — [*Exeunt.*]

Enter 3 Townſmen as Watch.

1. Was not I about to tell you ſo? they wou'd be afraid of True men when we came.

2. Ber Lady, but that mun not ſerve their Turns; For we muſt know flatly which was Plantan, & which Defendam or we ſhall diſcharge but a ſorry Conſcience to the Kings Juſtice.

1. I'll take my Oath upon the Corporal Bible, I ſaw two glittering Swords run a Tilt, and two to that, if need be.

2. Neighbors, I cannot tell; we are old men, or ſhou'd be at leaſt; ſome of us have lived threeſcore years and upwards in a Pariſh, as they ſay, I name no body; and therefore

therefore it is good to be ſure, & make all our tales *bonum fidrum*: For we are not all one mans Children: And yet, if I be not miſtaken, I am ſure I ſaw three more, and Glittering ones indeed, as you call them: God bleſs every good man and woman from the like: they e'en earn'd my heart, and yet by my Fay, I am a hundred and two, come the time.

3. You tawke like ſucking Infants: Neighbours, I'll be ſworn If I were to take my oath before the beſt man living, High or low, there was twenty drawn ſwords, little and great; I'm ſure, I might a ſeen um, like a fool, had I been worth my head; but my little boy *Jack* did.

1. La there; And that ſame's a murrain wiſe boy, if you mark him; and will ſee a thing, I warrant you, as ſoon as the wiſeſt of us all, were he twice as old again.

3. I could a ſeen too at his bigneſſe, for all I'm Lame now, God help us; you remember the Powder Plot.

2. Powder Plot? quoth a; I ſhall not forget while the world ſtands.

1. Nor I, were I to die a thouſand deaths.

3. That very day was I working in our Garret.

2. Say you ſo?

1. Nay, Neighbours beſhrew me this may be true, for I have known this man here, able to do as tite a dayes work by noon, as the talleſt fellow the King keeps (God bleſſe him) take him from top to toe.

3. All's one for that; mark me; There has not been a glaſſe-window there, time out of mind, ſince I came, nor after: And I tell you truely (I'm a falſe Liar elſe) I ſmelt the Powder as hot as if it had been done the next day.

1. See, ſee, the wind; the wind neighbours is much God bleſſe us.

3. Go too; I am no made fool, though a born fool my Maſters; True, the wind may be ſomething as you ſay: but if there had not been ſomething elſe, I wou'd not give a fart for't: I did not work at Court with a Maſter Carpenter, for nothing, my boyes; and ſee the Kings Grace faſting and full

as I did, to a hairs breadth, as they say: Let me alone for Casting my Cards, give me but ground enough; And yet I can neither write nor read, Heaven make me thankful.

2. Heaven make us all thankful; I have seen the King too, in my Prime, and gave him a beck upon his milk-white Steed, as near as one shud say what's this, and all his Royal Lords and Ladies sporting.

1. I, I, those were the dayes (peace be with um) a poor mans tale might be heard at Court: There is some Lords and Ladies now, were lowsie then.

3. Go thy wayes, by the Rood; Nay, he'l have his old tawk, for all the world, up and down.

1. It was ever my condition; I care not who knows it; And yet I never scath't the least sucking Child that begs his bread: but little does another man know where the Kings shooe wrings him, but those that wear it, as my Mother would often say, and she liv'd long enough to know it.

3. Nay that's certain; The King's but a Man, as we three are; No more is the Queen, if you go to that: Did you never hear of my Uncles observations? he's but a poor knave (as they call him) but such a knave as Cares neither for King nor *Kæsar*, the Least on um.

1. Then he may be hanged, Neighbour *Palmer*.

3. If he be, he's not the first that has been hang'd for Treason, I hope. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Duke, *and* Claudilla.

Duke. That frown was shot with pretty tyranny from your brow: but this kisse shall sacrifice me to my *Claudilla's* bosome.

Claud. You'l fully your honour in't: widows are but rumpl'd stuff.

Duke. That again? by all my hopes, and by thy self, the next and greatest ——

Claudilla. Your Brothers Crown's betwixt us.

Duke. I did it but to sharp *De Flame*, into some expression

expreſſion of his Wit and Love.

Claudilla. Alas! he ſighs all.

Duke. And like ſome Crude Chaplain, ſpits moſt of his mind.

Claudilla. Yet the Tame Dove can Tire me ſometimes with pen'd ſpeeches, when we're alone, and flatter; I'm reſolvd to beſtow him on my woman.

Duke. Now he can come to hand: — ha, ha. thinking men never Love heartily, unleſſe they be dank Powder.

Claudilla. His Courtſhip is like thick Embroidery upon ſlight ſtuff. I muſt confeſſe, I never lov'd the man; onely as a Rich Gown out of Faſhion, for a dayes change ſometimes at home when I take Phyſick.

Duke. You may wear him as you pleaſe, and to what purpoſe; his honeſt nature was meant you ſo: but *Deſſandro* is the Man of Men (I muſt confeſſe) that I could wiſh moſt near you now.

Claudilla. Deſſandro!

Duke. And ſuddenly, before your honour bluſh too palpably: I have diſcovered him, and his devotions.

Claudilla. Then your brains was in his Plot.

Duke. 'Twas his own.

Claudilla. Stolen from ſome Romance or Play, but for *De Flame.*

Duke. One wheel will move another to the Period.

Claudilla. Methinks his ſoft and eaſie ſpirit ſhould be the fitter Engin, and more pliant to your Aim.

Duke. He has too much of *Venus* in his mixture; all his deſires wou'd be at home ſtill, in the circle of thoſe eyes: the other is all Fire and thinks that Fame too cheap that's found ſo near; And there will want ſuch men abroad.

Claudilla. But, where's my honour, Duke?

Duke. Lock'd in my heart and Cares: the King muſt die *Claudilla*, to ſmooth the way, and liſt us to our wiſhes.

Claudilla. That ſtill is talk'd on.

Duke. His laſt Glaſſe is now turn'd, and runs apace:

He gives thee to *Deſſandro*; and is your Gueſt: and that Night receives eternal thanks for't: Then (my Fair) *Deſſandro* cannot want luſtre and honour for your bed: Nor thy commands what all *Caſtile* can give.

Claudilla. I underſtand not, Sir.

Duke. Thou ſhalt in time; oh my *Claudilla!* my beſt and neereſt Joy, our Loves have been entire as a flame: one Center to our thoughts and wiſhes, and Crown our boſomes with delight and ſafety — but they are come ——

Enter De Caſtro *and* Deſſandro.

Claudilla. I have not known ſo little of his Fame — to be a ſtranger to his worth: Sir I honour it: Nor am I ſo proud and dark in my opinion, to think I ſtand upon my ſelf, but ſtoop in honour to one of his deſerts and blood: This is the way, my Lord, I ever ſum'd up Man, and ſets his Titles down but for Cyphers.

De Caſtro. Obſerve.

Duke. Which will moſt clearly ſhew his merits, and heighten them in value to you: For, Madam, look on him in the Spring of his deſerts, and you'l ſay, Titles are but narrow Spheres: And if honoured actions be the ſoul and breath, he's then above them and ſtands in the Firſt Rank of men.

Deſſandro. I ſhall want life to pay this debt.

Claudilla. But with your Graces favour, I muſt be tender here, For I ſtand a tall Mark to Voice and Cenſure, and need not tell your Highneſſe with what ſtrong expectation the Count *De Flame* hath long time viſited me.

Duke. If you will ſtand engaged, Madam —— I am ſilent.

Claudilla. No Sir — But ——

Duke. You expect honour, and Fortune to your Bed: I know *Caſtile* owes not a Subject (I'll not except my ſelf, and had I anothers Freedome, I ſhould not ſpeak my wiſhes in a ſecond perſon) that

Looks

Looks not with Ambition on you: But Madam, weigh them all: Take but off their Grains of fortune he ſhall hoiſt them into the air: And to my wiſh, he's come —— *Deſſandro*, your name was mentioned happily, I hope — Let me preſent his value, to your Graces hand: And to a Siſter, Madam, I wou'd ſay, her boſome.

De Caſtro. You purchaſe our poor Lives too highly, Sir

Duke. I wou'd have rich Jewels ſet to their worth, and ſhall be proud to give any advantage unto his: The Dutcheſſe ſhall not ſlight me in't: I will be heard againſt the proudeſt Courtſhip that ſhall charm her. Come my Lord, what ſport will you win ſome Duckats at?

De Caſtro. I will loſe ſome at any your Grace pleaſes.

Duke. My Brother has got a fortunate hand of late 'gainſt all the Court: I cannot riſe at even terms from him.

De Caſtro. I ſaw him draw deep from your Grace, laſt night.

Duke. Two thouſand Duckats; but I expect um with intereſt again.

Deſſandro. I cannot pawn my ſelf to the unworthy ends of Flattery and Complement: but this honour out-bids value of a thouſand Lives: what this poor glimpſe of expreſſion can ſhew me in: Saints, are not more unfained in their prayers, then I to ſerve you.

Claudilla. I ſhall not doubt how much I may be indebted to your Noble wiſhes: but let me add, Sir, He that Layes out for me without my warrant, ſhall ſcarcely put it on my accompt for thanks, much leſſe, Debt.

Deſſandro. Not good devotions?

Claudilla. Them I deſire, and ſhall repay.

Deſſandro. Then pay back mine.

Claudilla. I'm not to learn my prayers, Sir.

Deſſandro. Teach me yours, that I may turn the virtue of their charms back to your boſome.

Claudilla. Collonel, mine wou'd hardly pleaſe you: I never pray for wars.

Duke.

Duke. You have back-friends, my Lord.

De Caſtro. That ſome malignant cloud does interpoſe the Kings cheerful Favour, I am moſt ſenſible.

Duke. It wou'd ſpread to me too, if they durſt.

De Caſtro. Had they but ſo much virtue left, they durſt own their names by, I ſhou'd make pale envy bluſh.

Duke. Come, we'll to Cards; and leave them to parl. [*Exeunt.*]

Deſſandro. Madam, but mean it in a ſmile.

Claudilla. What?

Deſſandro. Love.

Claudilla. Fie.

Deſſandro. Yet ſtay; The air has buſie wings: but give the thought Conſent: and I will take it in ſoft whiſpers from your Lip.

Claudilla. You will.

Deſſandro. I feel it creep in Flames through all my blood.

Enter De Flame.

Claudilla. Sir, the Count *De Flame.*

Deſſandro. With a black Evening in his face.

De Flame. Oh! my faithful *Achilles*, I came to give you Joy.

Claudilla. Who? me, Sir!

De Flame. My virtuous friend, and you.

Claudilla. Of what? (manner

De Fl. Of your entertainment under him: y'have a brave Command he a— I cannot be angry enough to tell you what.

Claudilla. I begin to doubt his Wits, he looks ſo Gaſtly.

De Flame. Yes; I ſee a Devil in thoſe eyes that makes my hair ſtare upward, Falſe woman: My love durſt ſcarce doubt before, what now I find, and tremble at. But Heaven has wrath in Ambuſh, and Scorpions ſtings.

Claudilla. For what? my Lord.

De Flame. Dutcheſſe, thy Perjury, and warm engagements to this— this huge Impoſtor.

Claudilla. Sir, a has Crack'd his brains with Poetry, pray forgive him—

Deſſandro.

Deſſ. Count? you know what privilege this Roof can give you, on my Anger; or elſe, I ſhould make your Frenzy Tongueleſſe: Don't requite it barbarouſly on her that gives you leave to live by it: gather your ſcatter'd wits up: Goe home Sir, and Repent.

De Flame. Privilege? ——— I'le, meet thee in a Ring of flames, or on the Tempeſt of ſome billow, upon whoſe back the raging *North* wind ſtrides: Yet I'de not ha' thee loſe one ſpark of thy full man in Noiſe and Air: that when next we greet, I may find thee worthy my Revenge. This Frailty, now protects thee.

Claudilla. Uncivill man! know the way back, or I ſhall let that Juſtice looſe upon yee, you deſerve.

De Fl. Your Centaure there, you mean; he muſt ſtare bigger to move a hair of mine.

Claudilla. Yee ſha' not ſtir, Sir: As you love me do not: Let him die Mad.

De Flame. Do; kiſſe him; and clap his Cheek.

Claudilla. And circle him in my Arms from your Pale envy; does that make you ſome—Look yee— [*Kiſſes* Deſſandro.]

De Flame. He ſhall not bloſſome there.

Claudilla. A ſhall, though thou doſt bribe the Fayries with thy ſoul.

Deſſ. Madam, your Commands will hold me till I ſcorch away; I am in Flames, and Torment: And there's not ſo much mercy under heaven, but your own, would let him uſe that Tongue a minute longer. Thou haſt ſeen this Sword reeking from Hilt to Point, and ſweating ſhowres of Blood o're thy head, whil'ſt I beſtrid thy life and Reſcu'd it 'gainſt many gallant Foes, And durſt thou tempt it to thine own throat now? Prethee begone; And let's meet no more. There's ſomething in thy youth I ſtill can love; and will forget to call thee to accompt for this; be wiſe unto thy ſelf; And ask this Lady Pardon.

De Flame. Oh my Blood! muſt I bear this? I am more cold then Marble ſure.

Claudilla.

Claudilla. Within there? where's his Grace?

Servant. At Cards, Madam.

De Fla. Oh cry yee mercy; your bak'dmeats ſha'not cool for me; I only wiſh that they may choak yee: That paper Sir I ſent, wou'd be worth your noble Anſwer.

Deſſandro. 'Tis there again. and has ſtop'd the uſe I took it for.

De Flame. Ha? ——— I'll make thy Name a boys Play, and kill thee on the threſhold of thy dore.

Deſſandro, Goe, goe, and take your Reſt: when you are recovered, I may own you.

De Fl. I hou haſt not Blood enough to anſwer this--[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Pirez *and* Sampayo.

Sampayo. You tell me ſtrange ones.

Pirez. But true ones.

Sampayo. Nice windings.

Pirez. This Duke can ſtrangely back his purpoſes where they like him: 'Tis a fair lift to *Deſſandro's* fortune: his ſtars ſhin'd.

Sampayo. True; ſh'has a ſpacious Fortune; But I ſhall tell your Lordſhip, what perhaps you know not.

Pirez. You may.

Sampayo. She has no blood: From her firſt, an honeſt Trades-mans wife, who left her very rich and handſome: The Duke (as he ſtill keeps a kennell for that purpoſe) had her preſented to him for his Game: Remov'd her from the Cucko'os neſt into another Sphere, but with all Caution, and private ſlight: And you muſt Imagine, now ſhe ſpreads a larger wing ſtirs not abroad, but ſtudded like the Night, with Flames: And at length becomes the Courts diſcourſe and wonder; but ſtill kept the Country her retiring place.

Pirez. Unknown?

Sampayo. Or unſuſpected, as the Dukes Inſtruments dealt it: And the young *Henriques* being in thoſe parts

with

with our Kings brother for ſport, caſually (as 'twas plotted) viſits her houſe: Falls in love and marryed her: This is the Epitomie.

Pirez. I hope the Duke *Bereo*, had no dull hand in't.

Sampayo. 'Tis thought (only by me Sir) keeps his acquaintance to this day.

Pirez. It muſt be Fatally anſwered ſome where; heaven has a Juſtice.

Sampayo. The Preparation makes huge Noiſe.

Pirez. 'Tis well the King's a Gueſt; Their Triumph might miſcarry elſe.

Sampayo: The King gives her in Church: Methinks the Count *De Flame*, muſt needs be all Flame at it; And I believe Sir, your affront bleeds freſhly in him.

Pirez. It muſt be put to an Accompt ſomewhere.

Sampayo. To return his Challenge and honour with ſuch a ſcorn muſt work ſuch a ſpirit to high extremes.

Pirez. The ſaddeſt ſtory is his Siſter.

Sampayo. A Roſe new Blown, and flung aſide to wither in her ſweets; Poor Innocence; That has much chang'd my opinion of *Deſſandro*.

Pirez. His Reſolution, and Ambition, are like vaſt Trees whoſe ſpreading tops hide their own Roots from the kind Sun.

Sampayo. Let out unto ſo vaſt a Pride, as ſhades all his natural virtues, or makes 'um grow up rank and ſower: The event will tell us all.

Pi. I wiſh it without blood. Your Lordſhips for the Solemnity?

Sampayo. My Attendance ties me to his Majeſties Perſon.

Pirez. My beſt wiſhes to your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

LOUD MUSICK.

Enter the King, Cardinall, Duke, Dutcheſſe, Deſſandro, De Caſtro, Sampayo, *Ladies bearing up her Train, Voices, Lutes, they paſſe over,*

Manet De Loome *and* La Gitterne.

De Loome. SO: By this time the confines Ring of our great Solemnity.

La Git. She became his hand bravely, & with so skilful a brow, as if the first Fruits of her honour, were to be gathered yet.

De Loom. Our Duke will lick his Lips at this nights sport.

La Gitterne. And wind her up for him, 'twill go hard else.

De Loome. That shall not hinder our sport, I hope.

La Git. Expect the Steward and his Bottles, I'le warrant you

De Loom. The Ladies too? we shall not tickle heartily else.

La Gitterne. When the great ones are bedded.

De Loome. I'th old Place?

La Gitterne. It's Corner Lobby.

Enter De Flame *and* Cleara *disguis'd.*

De Flame. You belong to the Duke *De Bereo* Sir?

De Loome. Who told you so?

De Flame. A Friend that wou'd commend me with a poor suit unto you Sir, if you be Signior *De Loome.*

De Loome. But this is no year for suits Sir.

De Flame. Mine brings thanks ready told Sir, Look yee? All double Pistolets, Signior.

De Loome. Sir, I shall try my Power, and be ready in any service te'e, for my friends sake.

De Flame. De'e know who 'tis?

De Loome. Hum---No matter; I'le undertake your businesse.

De Flame. Sir, can you please to pardon some light Gold?

De Loome. You shall find me a Gentleman in any thing for my friends sake.

De Flame. Nay Sir, It weighs a hundred pound at all Peradventures.

De Loom. And I'le tell you one thing of my self Sir, more then perhaps my friend remembred; I am very honest where I take; and every man is not to be trusted with matters of such Consequence: A very Fair purse, I assure you.

De Flame. Nest and Birds are all your own.

De Loom. Your businesse is done, beleev't Sir: Please you to kiss the Kings hand into the bargain?

De Flame. At fitter opportunity, let me be ambitious of your offer: but I shall woe your Curtesie to be only a looker on now.

De Loom.

De Loome. Any thing Sir, you can make worthy your requeſt Nay-Ihope you do not wiſh me forfeit[*Complement for the dore*] good manners——As I'm virtuous——

De Fl. I am a ſtranger to the way: Gentlemen? know your ſelves, I beſeech you.

La Gitterne. To obey you Signior.

De Loome. Sir you need not ſpeak on't to this man: he's but my Lords Barber: Since you command it ſo--[*Exeunt* De Loome & La Gitterne.]

De Flame. Light, light Revenge! heave up thy gloomy Tapers that thou may'ſt ſee thy ſmeered Altar ſhine in blood:
Come my *Cleara*; my better ſoul, whoſe gallant mind
will leave thy Name in the firſt place of Women,
And raiſe thee Temples (braveſt of thy Sex:)
I could expire on thy Cheek, and pay thee reverence
my moſt excellent Siſter.

Cleara. Juſt heaven, and your brave virtue (my deareſt brother) has wak'ned my dull breaſt and trembling Sex:
I do not feel one Pale or Coward thought: but all
high, and active to my wiſh.

De Flame. I ſee it Lovely in thy brow, like the Gleaming dawnings of the morne when day firſt kindles;
yet our Preſage is fair.

Enter Duke whiſpering with De Caſtro.

Cleara. The Duke——

De Flame. Now Innocence, guard thy ſelf, the woolf is up: ſee how miſchief teems and quickens on their brow:
ſome black thing is ſpawning: Night muſt be Midwife to't:
If we ſtay, my Ponyard will break looſe. [*Exeunt.*]

Duke. Who's that?

De Caſtro. Some of the Dutcheſſe Servants, I beleeve Sir.

Duke. Your hand will lay a new foundation to a Kingdom;
And I am buſie how to divide it with thee, when
we can call it our's.

De Caſtro. 'Tis his laſt night with Mankind: The Poiſon Sir wil doo't ſo ſubtilly: whil'ſt he but holds the
Knife, the leaſt warmth attracts, and ſo diſpreads

it ſelf through his blood and ſpirits. Not any ſtrogling for't with nature: his life ſteals from him in a gentle ſlumber.

Duke. Grow in my boſome; till you ſpread to the firſt honors of your wiſh: My fortune is too narrow for your merits to whom I owe it, & all my Power, brave friend [*Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, Butler, Cook, and Maids.

Steward. Come my Maſters; The great ones ſhall not have all to themſelves: wee'l have a Civil bout or two, to get us a ſtomach to Bedward, my ſweet hearts.

Cook. Noble Mr. *Steward!*

Butler. Brave Mr. *Steward!*

Cook. The Fire of my reſpects ſhall ne're go out unto you.

Butler. Nor mine be Quench'd.

Steward. Here *Cook?* here's a bit for you to lick your Lips at And heer's clean Napery for you *Butler* [*gives each a wench.*] take it——

A Dance.

Ste. So, ſo; I am almoſt ſpent; every man to their Function [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, Cardinal, Deſſandro, *Duke, Dutcheſſe, Attendants.*

King. The Night begins to frown at our uncivil ſtay: And Hymens Tapers do burn out a pace: Good Night; you ſhall not ſtir a foot *Deſſandro.* (embraces.

Duke. All the wiſhes of a Bridall bed Crown your wiſhes and

Cardinal. And all the bleſſings of true Joy

Duke. To bed to bed. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter De Loome and *De Flame.*

De Loome. You are as melancholly as day when Sun ſets; I hope you do not doubt my promiſe.

De Flame. No.

De Loom. Ye ſha' not: I'll not leave you till the Grant be yours be Confident; And that's more then a Courtier is bound to by his oath. Sir, where are you? why you were living but e'en now; could ſpeak, and ſence too: ha' you ſeen any thing againſt nature, or ſtomach?

burn

hum——Sweet heart, has thy Maſter any fits o'th Mother? or Falling-ſickneſſe? Pretty knave; 'tis pity this face was made for breeches. *to Clea.*

De Flame. Ha?

De Loome. I am glad you are come to your ſelf again.

De Flame. You are pleaſant.

De Loome. I wou'd ha'you ſo: I have provided ſome mirth and good company for you: Pleaſe you but ſpare an idle hour from your ſleep, we'll allow't again in the total of your buſineſſe (I muſt not loſe his money) If you can ſmile you ſha'not want a ſubject: beſides, we ſhall have the wit of a handſome Lady or two, and hear their voices.

Enter Steward, and a Man with bottles.

Look ye Sir! here's the *Imprimis* of the houſe Mr. Steward himſelf, whoſe Company may be worth your obſervation—*Seignior Silliman*, this Gentleman is a friend of my Lord Dukes; pray let him know he's welcome.

Steward. I am but the Dutcheſſes poor Steward Sir, but my place is at your Command, Sir: you ſha'not have me Claim kindred of her for all that: yet—Sir *Thomas De Loome* here, can ſay ſomething if he pleaſe, Sir.

De Flame. Thank ye Sir.

Steward. Look ye Sir *Thomas*! I never fail; here be the perquiſites of life and good Company: There's that will elevate voices; come, diſburthen thy ſelf, in that Lobbie, my honeſt rational Camel; Is this Gentleman dumb? he can ſay nothing but Thank you Sir.

De Loome. I fear he's Planet-ſtruck.

Steward. 'Tis great pity: yet he makes very gentle ſigns.

De Flame. I'm got into a dark and ſlippery Labyrinth, and grope but by a ſpark, whilſt every pauſe is fatal——No. It had miſcarried; and the Kings preſence was a ſacred guard: now to break in upon them, were to betray our lives to nothing: ſure Heaven will not loſe the glory of ſuch a Juſtice, and by a hand ſo juſtly engaged.

Enter

Enter La Gitterne, Torguina, *and* La Prate.

De Loome. The Ladies; Good Girles; this deſerves a double thanks —— Here's a Gentleman whoſe merits may invite him to your acquaintance, Ladies.

Torguina. I ſhall ever ſtudy that due honour, by all the Ambitiouſneſſe of your humble Servant, Sir.

La Prate. You may pleaſe to pardon her, whoſe demerits makes her modeſt in their expreſſions to honour you Noble Sir.

De Flame. You engage a poor Life to your virtue.

De Loome. What, Ladies? have you put um together for a brave Boy to night?

La Prate. That's as the Dice run, Sir.

La Gitt. The Collonel will find a piece of ſervice on't to night

La Prate. If he put her to the worſt, 'twill be worth her pardon being ſo try'd a Soldier.

Torguina. If his valour ſhould be ſhort-breath'd, a retreat may be honourable ſometimes.

La Prate. If he fight not flat Coward, and made it in policy.

Torguina. Sir, we have read over *Ariſtotles* Politiques and *Polibius*, to that purpoſe.

La Prate. Who calls Policy the very breath of all war.

Torguina. And ſo by your Ladyſhips good licenſe, in all Battalions, leagners, skirmiſhes, ſieges, invaſions, parlies, treaties, truces, and other ceſſations.

De Flame. Excellent Ladies.

De Loome. For the Theorique. (*Stignior.*

La Prate. We can ſay ſome thing to the practique too,

Torguina. Both concerning your poſtures and motions, as which may be neceſſary for ſervice: her Ladyſhip has written a ſmall tract for her private experience to ſhew how they may be reduced, and a Man exercis'd with far leſſe trouble, but with as much Activity, and proportion of comfort.

La Prate. For body and ſervice, Madam?

Torguina. I mean ſo; I warrant you this Gentleman underſtands me.

De Flame.

De Flame. And will not your goodneſſe beſtow it on the (publique?
It would rank your Name amongſt the illuſtrious
benefactors of the general Cauſe.

La Prate. I know not what I may Sir, when the Preſs is fit for a woman of my Quality: Is this Gentleman a Soldier?

De Flame. That ambition has grown with me from the Cradle, Madam.

La Prate. I ſhall render my ſelf with more endeerment to your worth, and ever ſubſcribe to Soldiers as the braveſt Men.

De Loome. The Dutcheſſe, I hope will uſe of your opinion; But Madam, had I the uſe of that key for an hour or two, I would take ſome notes in ſhort-hand behind the hangings.

La Prate. You wou'd?

De Loome. Yes indeed, my precious wit, I ſhou'd.

De Flame. That Key?

Torguina. Seignior? pleaſeth you to think our humble invitation, worthy the grant of your ſociety.

De Flame. I could wiſh the trouble of ten lives more, to be accepted in your Command, Faireſt of Ladies,

La Prate. Were all our dayes multiplied into years, and thoſe years to lives, 'twere but a ſpan of time to ſtudy our thanks in. —— [*Exeunt.*]

Silliman. Madam? Lady? —— [*manet Silliman and La Prate.*]
I never knew what Bondage was until now ——
I fear the Golden heart you ſent me, was enchanted: I long to ſee you ——

La Prate. What d'ye mean Sir?

Silliman. Ha, ha, ha: hum---- Nothing, Madam, but there be them that love a good nature with all their heart: that have Four hundred pounds a year, and money in their purſe, to be Knighted, if need be.

La Prate. Wit and opportunity aſſiſt me —— The Thing will make an excellent husband for the times: And Four hundred pounds a year is a Conſiderable fortune to boot: I muſt take him at his bound, or perhaps dye in the Liſt of ſtale Chambermaids, A Court plague for a miſpent youth and ſervice.

Silliman.

Silli. I am a Gentleman already, else the Heralds took my mony for nothing: And methinks Madam, you and I might——

La Prate. What Signior?

Silliman. Be as wise as our Forefathers.

La Prate. You and I?

Silliman. Yes; what say ye to you and I? is not you and I good *Spanish*? Why Madam, I am able to warm my own sheets, and get Children without the help of a Doctor, and can kisse as warm and Close——

And you shall swear my breath is sweet.

La Prate. Y'are merry Sir, beyond my apprehension

Silliman. Pardon me Lady if I be: I mean no harm I protest.

La Prate. very witty.

Silli. I am, what I am: but I was never beholding to any living thing for thus——much wit: I might a been an arrant younger brother, but for my mother; thereby hangs a tale Madam: And yet I cud a danc'd my Cinque pace in *Greek* at a dozen; *Alpha*, *Beta*, *Gama*, *Delta*, cost me five shillings: can you beleeve me Lady? By this Light you shall wear this Diamond: There; shat; shat ha't; shat, shat: shat ha't, ——

La Prate. There is such sorcery in your words.

Silliman. No: No: No: Troth love me; come; thou shalt; by this——nay never sigh, my dear, they are all orient, sweet wench: thou art worth all *Spain* for a good disposition——

La Prate. You will undoe me Mr. *Steward*.

Silliman. Pish: who I undo thee? My life, thou dost wrong me: canst find in thy heart to think so? away away.

La Prate. But is this profession, honourable Sir?

Silliman. I scorn to deal upon dishonorable terms: Do I kisse like a man that would Propound dishonorable conditions?

La Prate Men are so nice and cunning.

Silliman. Dost think me a Jew? swear me to any thing.

La

La Prate. Well, you have taken a Poor heart at advantage and make me bluſh to confeſſe it.

Silliman. Kiſſe me; here's my hand till death us do part: Thine more then mine own, Signior *Bouche overte*, *Sillimano*: Seal'd, and delivered: but I hope Lady, there is no Quit rent to be paid out of this Copyhold.

La Prate. Not for your life Sir.

Silliman. Lawful poſſeſſion then, and th'art mine own [*Exeunt.*]

Enter De Flame *and* Cleara.

De Flame. So; let um drench their ſouls in Laughter: Kindle thy Noble heart into a Flame, my Siſter: Fate cannot give, nor we ask more unto our cauſe: All things conſpire and Prompt us to't: Juſt, and Divine revenge; I'le ſtrew thy midnight haunts with Cypreſſe wreaths, and wear thee in rich Medalls: Propitious Goddeſſe: This night thy wan, and meager Cheek ſhall bluſh and ſmile with warm and wanton blood: Night grows heavy ey'd and droops her ſlumbering head in her dark boſome: And now their Rage and Luſt, will make them ripe to bleed: Let us imbrace, and interchange a ſigh or two, *Cleara*: what e're become of me, thou wilt wear Chaplets in *Elizium*.

Cl. My hopes and Joys are yours dear Sir) [*unlocks the dore and diſcovers them.*]
And heaven I hope will not divide them.

De Fl. See what a modeſt bluſh, ſleep has caſt o're their Guilt.

Cleara. Here is a look Tyrants would baſhfully gaze at and fear to think it mortal: Glorious hypocriſie! virtue is at wonder in her ſelf, and looks pale, to own what ſhe has given.

De Flame. I ſhould mock heavens Juſtice, to let um dream their ſouls away in ſuch a calm: Wee'l ſtartle them into horror of their ſin, and then let 'um ſee the vengeance they deſerve.

Cleara. Ye chaſter powers, to whom I and my Virginity groans; May every drop breath incenſe to your Juſtice, whil'ſt thus I break their ſprings open. [*Stabs* Claudilla.]

Claudilla. Oh: — *Deſſandro*? — oh — whoſe hand's that?

Cleara. Cleara's, *Cleara*'s, carry that name in thy laſt breath down to the ſhades of Luſt and Perjury.

De Flame. So quick, and brave *Cleara*?

Claudilla. Oh! [*Expirat.*]

Deſſan. Cleara: Madam, Madam, your ſleeps are troubled — whoſe there, *De Flame*?

De Flame. Raise not thy voice an accent: If thou dost, by my eternal hopes and soul, this strikes it back unto thy heart: See'st thou revenge sit Pale upon the Point? 'Tis steel'd with Virgins curses, and shall flye like lightning through thy blood: And it is a Justice thy vast pride hath lost thee to.

Dessandro. Oh! what hast thou done? A deed that Flinty *Scythians* and curl'd *Ethiops* would hide their eyes from.

De Flame. Our Revenge shall wear a Glorious title: Know'st thou that injur'd face? It is *Cleara*'s, injur'd *Cleara*'s.

Dessandro. Cleara?

De Flame. What see'st thou on that brow?

Dessandro. Murder!

De Flame. Horror and Guilt unto thy soul.

Dessandro. I'le not be tamely butcher'd, Coward: without there? Help help help.

De Flame. Whirlewinds and Earthquakes cannot do it; think on thy sin.

Cleara. Thy Perjury.

De Flame. Thy Lust. [*Cleara stabs at him.*]

Dessandro. Cleara? Oh—thou hast a skilfull hand in Murder: Help, Help, Murder.

De Flame. So falls a wretched Statue from its haughty station: when Fate, would make it ominous and fright a state. What a thick cloud steems from his tainted blood: The Air shrinks back, and with dull wings fans it from heaven.

Enter De Loome, La Gitterne, Torguina, *&c.*

Torguina. Murder! Murder! 'Twas his voice.

De Loome. It was his voice.

Torguina. The Key?

La Gitterne. Gone!

Torguina. Cut from my side; I am betray'd.

De Loome. Look search the Room: where's the stranger?

La Gitterne. The Dore is fast. [*knocks.*]

De Fl. You may come in; make up your wonder there [*op's the dore*

Torguina. My Lady Murder'd?

De Loome. You have astonish'd Heaven,

Torguina. And pull'd eternal curses on your head.

De Flame. They'l fall like brittle shafts upon my sheild.

Cleara. Unjust *Dessandro!* yet on thy Lip I'le tender my last vowe,

vows, that the world may tell, I lov'd thee Dead—— and this—— and this——— [*kisses him, then ſtabs her ſelf.*]

De Flame. Hold; hold that cruel hand: *Cleara?* Siſter?

De Loome. *Cleara?* This is a horrid Scene, my Lord.

De Flame. 'Twould not be worth my Name, did it not ſtrike Amazement through your ſouls, and leave a paleneſſe on his Cheek that hears it. But here; here I could melt! Transfuſe my brains through my ſad eyes, till they wept blood, & dropt their Jelly forth: She was a Jewel, too rich for our dull Orb: [*Enter more ſervants* you need not multiply your fears: I am too proud of my Revenge to ſtart from't: Let the Law frown, and fall in Tempeſts on me: ——Cowards repent
When valiant blood ne're Pales at the Event. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quintus; Scena Prima.

Enter Pirez, *and De Loome.*

De Loom. A Sad Court indeed, My Lord.

Pirez. As ſad a Kingdom where the news is ſpread: men that hear it, ſtand ſtruck, as if their own paſſing-bells did call unto them.

De Loom. Kings Claſſes are as brittle as their meaneſt ſubjects; their footings as ſlippery, and incertain: He was a brave Prince, and his Life will be memorable in *Caſtile*.

Pirez. His death is much admir'd for the ſudden ſtrangeneſs of it: What opinion give the Phyſicians on't?

De Loome. Th'ave a hard Name for't, if I could think on't.

Pirez. Not ſuſpicion of Poiſon?

De Loome. How, my Lord? by whom wou'd ye ſuſpect it?

Pirez. Nay, I dare ſuſpect none, nor don't: but ſuch Quirks of State I have read of, in the dayes of old.

De Loome. I never ſaw him diſcount a day with more content and freedome; his very thoughts were hearty.

Pirez. 'Twas a fatal one, and will give a ſad diſcourſe to our Poſterity; and leave it on Record, in bleeding characters.

De Lo. The Count's reſolution had too much blood & cruelty in't.

Pirez. *Deſſandro* urg'd as much as mortal ſenſe could groan with.

De Loome. I now call to mind, ſtill as he ſpake and glanc'd upon *Cleara's* face, I had ſtrange ſtartlings in me.

Pirez. As the Times have.

De Loome. The Times? my Lord; For what?

Pirez. The King's Death, Sir.

De Loome. Why my Lord? the Times are not of the worſt preſage, though that may cloud them a little.

Pirez. I am no *Booker*, Sir, nor *Lilly*; to prognoſticate what ſeven years may travel with: but I could wiſh the price of knaves may fall.

De Loome. Your Lordſhips virtues command not a more humble and obſervant creature. [*Exit.*]

Pirez. This Fellow muſt be muzzl'd.

Enter Sampayo.

Samp. Who's that?

Pirez. The Duke's thing; his trifle broker.

Samp. The King's now.

Pirez. *Caſtile* did never hear more news, I fear.

Samp. We ſhall now ſee the fine Turns and games of State.

Pirez. When Fools and knaves chaſe Trump.

Samp. Now Heads and Points will be the ſport.

Pirez. The King will have the heads then, I believe.

Samp. Obſerve um.

Pirez. So neer?

Enter Bereo, *Nobles ſollciting him with Papers.*

—Heavens bleſs your Majeſty: he'vens keep your Majeſty; [*within*] Pleaſe you to hear your moſt faithful Subjects?

Duke. Who are they that bark ſo?

De Loome. A Rout of Porters, Prentices, and Sailors Wives; with ſuch a ſpawn; who are modeſt Petitioners your Majeſty would give'um leave to govern you in ſome matters of State, and humbly pray, to be admitted of your Privy Councel. Here's another Sir, from the moſt Reverend Bags of the City, to purchaſe all the Churches of your Majeſty, for Ware-houſes. And this, Sir, from the Corporation of Weavers, Coblers, and Feltmakers; that you would pleaſe to give um leave to fire all Univerſities, and Schools of Learning, that the Profane might better ſee the Truth.

Duke. No more—— Their ſtinking breath will ſtifle me: keep back their Clamour: wealth and eaſe has made the Raſcals wanton and profane, their Alligeance—— My Lord, [*De Caſtro kneels*] you need not kneel in a Cauſe that equally concerns us with you: the groans of your Brothers wounds eccho unto our ſleeps: Our

Honour

Honour and the Laws bleed in them, until a Justice stop their Issues, which our own care shall take a speedy accompt of.——— —*Sampayo?* ——— [*whispers.*]

Sampayo. I shall, my Lord.——— [*Exit.*]

Duke. Oh! My Lords; we are circled in a Tyde of Grief, where every billow threatens a Grave: but in your Loves, our hopes takes new life, which we as zealously shall sacrifice again to you, and yours—Let me be beholding t'ye for—a minutes Conference with my own sad thoughts.——— [*Exeunt.*]

Duke. So——— Take breath my hopes, whilest we with pride look upon the world behind us, and then Survey the Glory of our progresse, and successe—— The print of every step is glorious; and me thinks we stand like *Rome* her self, in midst of all her Triumphs, when her threatned head Lean'd on the spangled breast of Heaven, and justled with the Gods: From whose Imperious frown the world took all her Laws and Dooms: Yet her vast story shall look pale to mine: and Time begins his great Example here: *Castile*, thou now shalt blush for thy neglect: I'll print thy scorns on thy own brow, till my revenge look lovely as *Romes* in her bright Flames to *Nero*: And Nature shall repent, that she mistook the man, Fortune ment thine. Then up my Soul, and from thy Glorious stand, see thy proud hopes and wishes Court thee: Thou hast been bashful yet, and hid in blushes—— make room for thy more spacious thoughts———

And let the Petty world know this; all things
Depend upon the breath of Gods and Kings. [*Exit.*]

Enter two Officers.

1. There, there; Lay that in the place; so so; here; help to spread this Carpet: Quick, quick.

2. Will our new King be here to-give the forked herd an oration?

1. An halter: Thou dost so fumble:- but what's the general voice of the Kings death?—— Here's the mourning for that bar.

2. Marry, some think he di'd against his will, and others that his Brother——— where stands this?—— will bury him very Royally——

1. Hum—— And others think if thou wert hang'd when 'tis thy due, there would be quickly a knave lesse; dispatch, dispatch, I hear them coming.

Enter.

Enter Judges, the 2 *Ladies*, De Loome, La Gitterne, *others*; De Flame *stands at the Bar.*

Officer. Pray by your Leave; Make way; give back there, for shame, Sir, you presse so hard upon the Judges, they scarse have liberty to breath: Clear the Bar: Peace.

1. Judge. My Lord—— Here's none but knowes you, and I believe do greive to see you stand thus; and for a fact of such a bloody Nature; A Gentleman of your fair hopes and Fortunes, blood and spirit, and other excellent Parts, all cast upon untimely hazzards by such an Act (as indeed I know not how to name it) you needs must therefore be worth our Grief: And I presume you are not now to know the Lawes and Customes of this your Countrey, with what Religious care they look unto the safety of our Lives and our Estates, & with what strictness on Perpetrations of such a Die—

2. Especially where innocent blood is shed: And therefore we being but the Tongues of the Law, (my Lord) may hope you will interpret the Justice of it, cleerly from our Mouths ——

De Flame. Please you, most Reverend Lords, Is there ought else but this, I am to stand Accus'd for?

2. *Judge.* Not that we know.

De Flame. Then, my good Lords, you need not labour much to find out Circumstances to condemn me: Nor do I wish or think, My Lords, to satisfie the Law, by talk again my own defence: Nor will I brand my self with such a Fear, much lesse hope, as to bespeak a melting Tear. That were to wish the Act undone, and rob my Justice of a Glory, I wou'd be torn to Atomes for: No; I come to meet the Law: And if your Wisdomes can contract the spacious Volumes of it int' one doom, I sha' not startle, or divide my breast. My resolution was above-ev'n, when first I undertook to be my own Law and Judge ——

1 *Judge.* I grieve to hear this Language from you; It tasts much from the man that you have seem'd my Lord, stain not your Noble and Religious Fame with such an Atheisme.

2. *Judge.* Look back into the deed my Lord: see what a Tide of blood persues you, and breaks upon your soul in Angry Seas.

De Flame. Look back to our Fame, Grave Lords, the blood and honour of our Family: Nor think it my vain Glory to urge it here since the cause does. There has not yet in all the ages it hath served

the

the State, one stain fain on our Scutcheon: And although, my Lords, these honours are derived to us in a vast circle of time and blood, the passage must be still through our veins; and so are treasured here as heat in Fire; so as the least taint in us reflects a blush on the First virtue of our great ancestors, and what has man cal'd sacred, but his honour? That dwells not in the smiles of Fortune: Nor can she place the Fool or Coward in that rank. And can your wisdomes think ours so cheap as to become the scorn of such?

2. *Judge.* My Lord, 'twould better satisfie all those that know you to hear your Greif, then Passion.

De Flame. Oh? Cry ye mercy: he was your Lordships kinsman: yet I will add, he basely did betray a Love and Innocence more noble then a thousand of their Lives (Poor *Cleara*) Perjur'd his Faith and honour, and quite dissolv'd their holy tyes, in the Lascivious arms of her, whose name shal not take honour from my breath.

2. *Judge.* We spend time; Pray give those Ladies leave to speak.

Enter De Castro.

De Castro. My Lords, the King is come to sit amongst yee.

Officer. Stand back there ho; you; Goodman Roundhead, you'd best breath in the Kings face: Pull back your horns Sir—de'e mutter? take that, and croud Further: The Rogues are as hollow, as a vault, and sound like one with a blow.

Enter Bereo, De Castro, *Attendants, at the other Dore, the King himself.*

Within—— The King. the King, Whooe?

1. *Judge.* What's the matter?

Duke. *De Castro?* is this a Mask, or Apparition?

King. ——seize on the Traytor——

Duke. Ha?

King. Hence; Monstrous thing.

Duke. Traytor?

King. Yes; and a foul one——My Lords, suspend your wonder ——we thank ye——Prodigie to thy blood we have given you leave to wanton in your Guilt, and see at what mighty impiety it would reach, to fasten you the surer in your toyle:—— take your places; durst

—durſt thou derive the Glory of our Grandſires to thy ſelf, whilſt with unnatural hands thou tearſt their Graves up, mingling blood and ſhame with their bleſt duſt? Have we not ſhar'd our Kingdome with thee? Let thee into our heart nearer then nature, if poſſible? And could all this beget no better thanks then Poiſon? the very thought unnerves my Joints.

Duke. Treaſon? — who dares avow it Sir? or Charge the leaſt ſtain upon my Loyal boſome, and make it good? I challenge all Mankind, and envy from the nether Hells; 'Tis but ſome engine to betray me to you.

De Caſtro. I did but quit a ſin which would have betrayed us both eternally, and bore ſo ſad a ſhape of horror, as it affrighted all within me, and like a Frenzy held me till I had purg'd it from my boſome.

Duke. Had thy revenge no other way but this, to undermine the virtue of Nature againſt it ſelf? My Lords, there's forgery in't; Poiſon? and Treaſon? It did amaze my innocence: Sounds, that my blood do ſhiver at: And did not I ſee his Fathers Treaſon bluſh yet on his brow, I ſhud not think *Caſtile* infected with the thought.

1. *Judge.* My Lord *De Caſtro*? What proof or circumſtance have you to urge this Clearer to his Highneſſe?

Duke. Grave Patriots of the Law: give me your leave in this, that wou'd blemiſh the honour of my Fame for ever. Let him produce but any that may accuſe me to your Reverend Judgements, and *Bereo* will lay down his head to the Block: But I know your wiſdomes will diſcern a plot in't: and how fair he ſtands incompetent againſt me in Faith and Honour.

King. What ſay you my Lord?

De Caſtro. Sir, what I have told your Majeſty, my Life ſhall make good on any torture: My Brother being dead, Heaven only and my Conſcience can clear it: And to quit my Innocence of malice, your own Conſcience muſt tell you, my Lord, that when firſt you uſed my Brother to enſnare me, and preſt it in the Dutcheſſe Garden, how much I argued to divert you: But then —

Duke. My Lords? I deſire Juſtice & reparation on the Villain.

2. *Judge.* My Lord *De Caſtro*? — The King has pleas'd to give us your Relation, in which (though the leaſt tenderneſſe cannot be impertinent to his ſacred ſafety) there's nothing that can raiſe the Law to any Argument, which may reach the Duke, ſcarſe

as

as a Peer, which looks upon him as the second man, in whom all our safeties all and hopes are stor'd: Not to be touch'd with every Jealousie, but at a high and Reverend form of Proof.

Duke. Let me appeal unto your self, Dread Sir! —— which of my actions or Services of State can be suspected? and do you not perceive that where his Father left, his Treason would begin?

De Castro. Help me, dear Truth, or else I shall suffer for my Loyalty: Great Sir, be pleas'd——

Duke. That most Judicious Judge has well observ'd, there is an Envy in his soul wou'd reach from you to your Succession, and leave the Character of his Fathers Treason on it in blood and Ruin: Wretched man! Trust me, I grieve for thy slide from piety; and when I look upon the love and pitty I have cast away on such a thing, I repent my easy faith: Good Heav'n! what will men fall to?

King. Take the Count unto the Cittadel, and let none be admitted to him, upon peril—— [*Exeunt with De Castro.*] Brother, they were no easie insinuations that did engage our fears to this; but such as nam'd a higher proof and Circumstance: And we confesse, it struck our nature with some passionate strugglings. Not that the wish of our ambition is fix'd here, and wou'd revive a term of years to rob yee of one minutes glorious trouble: yet, my Lord, if our Laws take care to preserve the meanest Subjects life, our own ought not to be look'd on with lesse Providence: And Fears are happy Cautions many times; but mine retire—— Let our desires meet, and reconcile me to your arms—— [*embrace*] his merit shall find the Justice it has scandall'd, if it stand guilty.

Duke. If? my Lord. Can yet that scruple stay behind?

Returns with De Castro *&* Dessandro, *A Physian and Chyrurgion, &c.*

De Castro, See? Royall Sir, I have met a miracle, that they *kneel.* heaven has preserved and sent to Guard your sacred highnesse and the Truth.

De Flame. Dessandro risen from the Dead?

King. Dessandro?

Dessandro, The vilest wretch alive, who throws himself at your feet in tears of blood, and so much horrid guilt as calls for all the wrath of this, and the other world: Not daring to lift my hopes to any pardon; oh Sir! 'twas he (back'd by that bad Prince and other giddy hopes) that wou'd have seduc'd my Brother to that Act against your sacred Life.

King. Wo'd it went no further? Duke *De Bereo?* Can now your brow change colour?

Duke. 'Tis all Impoſture.

King. Fie, fie; Don't glory againſt heaven that hath left thy Sin no ſubterfuge.

Duke. You wo'd not fright me from my ſelf?

King. Well. our Guard?

Doctor. May it pleaſe—— [*kneels.*]

King. Riſe. ——what wo'd yee ſay Sir?—

Doctor. Under your gracious Licenſe this— we found our princely Lady, and the Lady *Cleara* cold in their clodded gore: This Collonel, ſo ſpent in expence of blood, as we co'd not ſay alive: For that half ſpark of heat left in his veins, was then e'en going out: our care having preſerv'd and kindled it to life again after his ſhatter'd Faculties could pant and breath, he cal'd for Pen and Ink, and caus'd us write what there contain'd. [*A Paper.*]

Deſſandro. Of too much truth; And I bluſh for thoſe few drops of blood, I have left to expiate.

Duke. I am betray'd and Loſt——

Couldſt be in love with that faint Life, for one
poor minutes ſmile, to betray it to ignominy and Law?
I cu'd trample on thy skull, untill thy reeking
bra'n ſparkled about the duſt: See how buſily
they contract their Dusky brows? Conſult things
ſafely, and let ſome reverend Statute be ordained, in
honour of all Cowards: *De Caſtro?* For this good
ſervice know, 'twas I that laid thy fathers head
upon the block: Complotted with the *Portuguez*
to make him guilty to the King: And envying that
he ſpread with ſo much ſhadow in the ſtate, by a Cloſe
Faction rendred him odious to the people: An Engine
I knew cu'd not fail: I hurried thee to the Dutcheſſe
wanton bed, *Deſſandro*; knowing *De Flames* high
blood, would quit the debt I owed thee——

Deſſandro. He's proud all miſchief can call him Patron.

Duke. Nor had I ſhar'd the pleaſure of a kiſs to you or him, but that our purpoſe needs would have it ſo.

De Flame. Sir?

Duke. The Language is plain and true.

De

De Flame. Then *Claudilla* was your Court Miſtreſſe, Duke 'twere prophanation to ſay whore.

Duke. Young Lord, I can forgive that language in a ſuffering man.

De Flame. Forgive it?

Duke. Forgive it—— and had *De Flame* himſelf enjoy'd her bed, and reapt the ſcatter'd minutes of our love, he muſt a found another Gloſſe more ſafe and honorable.

De Flame. Muſt?—— what ſaw you in me did promiſe ſo tame a thing, as to feed on your high Scraps? Glorious miſchief.

Deſſandro. My Lord, I beg your mercy; And to deſerve it will weep the remnant of this unworthy Life vnto *Cleara's* Name.

De Flame. All mankind has my Peacefull wiſh, but this black ſpeckled Serpent, whoſe Load doth make the Earth to Groan and ſweat.

Duke. My fair *Claudilla?* me thinks I ſee thee Lovely in that gaillly trim of death, while yet thy ſoul was ſtrugling through thy Cruell wounds.

De Flame. The day begins to frown and Creep into eternall night: Wee'l bed together in one Grave, *Cleara: Caſtile* ſhall hide us in a golden heap, and name me with her patriots for taking this foul monſter from her boſome,

Duke. I'll find thee in the Mirtle Groves below, and leave a ſtory that ſhall tell the world how much I lov'd thee [*they ſtab each other.*

King. Deſperate Atheiſts,

Duke. You were before hand Sir.

De Flame. Y'have overtaken me—— the world is hid in a Cloud, and ſhrinks to *Chaos*—Oh—whither muſt I wander in this miſt?—ſo, ſo— I feel thee glide away, and leave me ſunk upon a Quickſand. [*Expirat.*]

King. What a thirſt of blood burnt up their hearts that they muſt Quench it in their own?

Duke. Haſt thou not Air enough, my panting Soul?

——Oh—what a stitch is coming. [*Expirat.*]

King. Would thou hadst better lov'd thy self and us:
For while thou priz'd the honour of that blood
we prized thee with it: Oh Ambition?
The Grandame of all Sin, that strikes at
stars with an undaunted brow, whil'st thus
thy feet slide to the nether Hell: Like
some vast stream that takes into its wombe
all springs that Neighbour by it, and wou'd
proudly carry all their Currents in its own;
swells o're its banks, and wantons like a
Tyrant—Take hence the sight: It
stirs our inclination. [*Exeunt cum Corporibus.*]

Omnes. Long live the great and good King of *Castile.*

King. We thank ye, and just heaven which hath
(unto wonder) unknotted all these mischiefs, and
kept us safe: And because we do not Love to
use the Laws in their extremitie, or execute with
Blood where we can moderate without; But
chiefly *Dessandro*, to endeer ye more to
Heaven in your acknowledgement, We do enjoyn
you to some Religious House of Orders: There
by an humble Life, to expiate your Guilt.

Dessandro. Upon my knees I do acknowledge your
God-like mercy.

King. *De Castro*; Our thanks shall make your
Loyalty exemplary to all times: Nor
wish we to live longer than to gain the
Faith of all: That we may find our Self
and Title most secure, and greatest in your
Loves; which gives us more than giddy
Fortune can——

This is our Fate, and to the Wise is known,
All Goods without Us, are not sure our own.

In tenui Labor est; at tenuis non Gloria.

FINIS.

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